



ATLAS COMICS <sup>TM</sup>

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NO.3  
JULY  
43380

# The SCORPION <sup>TM</sup>

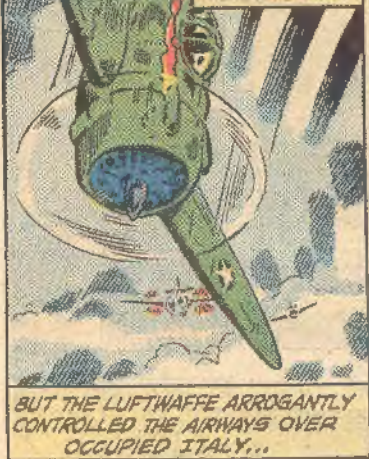
THE GOLEM IS  
TOO FAST -- TOO  
POWERFUL! I  
CAN'T DEFEAT HIM--  
NOBODY CAN!

YOU'RE DOOMED,  
SCORPION! YOU'LL  
NEVER SURVIVE-- "THE  
NIGHT OF THE  
GOLDEN FUHRER!"





JUNE 1943, WITH WORLD WAR TWO WREAKING HAVOC OVER MUCH OF CIVILIZATION, MORO FROST, THE UNCANNY SCORPION--THE MAN UPON WHOM FATE HAS BESTOWED THE GIFT OF ETERNAL LIFE TOOK TO THE SKIES TO DEFEND LANDS TORN WITH HITLER'S PERSECUTION!



BUT THE LUFTWAFFE ARROGANTLY CONTROLLED THE AIRWAYS OVER OCCUPIED ITALY...

...AND THE MAN OF INDETERMINATE LONGEVITY, AFTER A SCORE OF SUCCESSFUL RUSHES, WAS NOT TO FAIR WELL THIS MOONLESS NIGHT!



WITH THE LIGHT OF DAY GERMAN SOLDIERS INSPECTED THE CHARRED WRECKAGE!

THERE IS NO TRACE OF THE AMERICAN'S BODY!

HE OBVIOUSLY BURNT IN THE FLAMES!

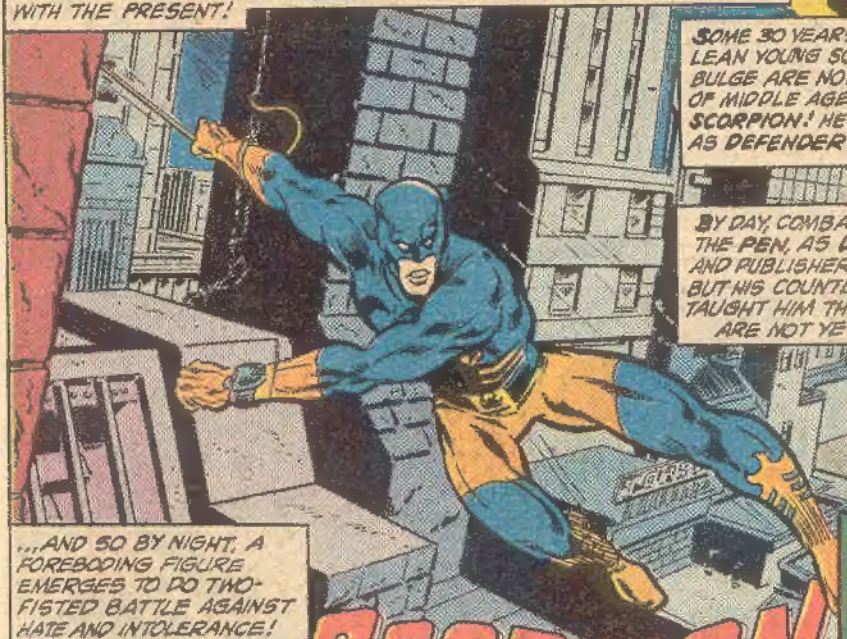
CAPTAIN! I HAVE FOUND HIS IDENTIFICATION!



HAH! AT LAST WE HAVE KILLED THE FAMED SCORPION!

BUT YOU WERE MISTAKEN, CAPTAIN! PERHAPS MORO FROST IS DEAD AND GONE... BUT NOT THE SCORPION!

NOW, YOU MAY BE ASKING, HOW DOES THE SCORPION DEFY THE CRUELLEST OF NATURE'S LAWS--THE PASSAGE OF TIME--THE AGING OF MAN? WELL, THAT'S ANOTHER STORY FOR ANOTHER ISSUE! TODAY'S TALE DEALS WITH THE PRESENT!



SOME 30 YEARS HAVE PASSED. THE LEAN YOUNG SOLDIERS OF NORMANDY'S BULGE ARE NOW BATTLING THE BULGE OF MIDDLE AGE! BUT NOT THE SCORPION! HE HAS SURFACED AGAIN AS DEFENDER OF THE OPPRESSED!

BY DAY, COMBATTING INJUSTICE WITH THE PEN, AS DAVID HARPER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER OF THE DAILY TIMES! BUT HIS COUNTLESS YEARS HAVE TAUGHT HIM THAT WORDS ALONE, ARE NOT YET ENOUGH...

ART: JIM CRAIG  
STORY: GABRIEL LEVY

...AND SO BY NIGHT, A FOREBODING FIGURE EMERGES TO DO TWO-FISTED BATTLE AGAINST HATE AND INTOLERANCE!

**The SCORPION**

**NIGHT OF THE  
GOLDEN  
FUHRER!**



OUR STORY OPENS IN A JEWISH HOUSEHOLD ON MANHATTAN'S LOWER EAST SIDE. RABBI RAPHAEL AKIBAH AND HIS DAUGHTER, SARA, ARE JUST SITTING DOWN TO AN EARLY SABBATH DINNER.

YOU'VE SPENT ANOTHER DAY WORKING IN THAT DAMP CELLAR! WHY? CAN'T YOU RELAX?

HOW CAN I? I SENSE DANGER AS IN THE OLD DAYS! I HAVE HEARD RUMBLINGS OF A NEO-NAZI RESURGENCE! WE NEED SOME PROTECTION!

BUT, PAPA... THIS IS AMERICA... OH, SOMEONE'S KNOCKING AT THE DOOR!

THE OLD MAN'S WORDS ARE IN-DEED PROPHETIC --

WHO COULD BE CALLING ON SABBATH -- N-NO! GO AWAY!

OPEN UP... OR WE'LL BREAK THE DOOR DOWN!



THE FAMILIAR GESTAPO UNIFORM WITH SWASTIKA, COME BARGING IN! YESTERDAY'S NIGHTMARES RACE THROUGH THE OLD MAN'S MIND!

GRAB THE OLD MAN AND LET'S GO!

WHAT ABOUT THE GIRL?

PLEASE! I BEG YOU, DON'T HARM MY DAUGHTER!

LEAVE HER! IF SHE WANTS TO SEE HER FATHER AGAIN, SHE'LL KEEP HER TRAP SHUT!

HE'S JUST AN OLD MAN! WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM HIM?

SECONDS LATER, THE RABBI IS FORCED INTO A WAITING LIMOUSINE!

WHY SO SILENT, OLD MAN?

WHAT IS THERE TO SAY? GOD SAW ME THROUGH THIS ONCE, AND I PRAY HE'LL SEE ME THROUGH IT AGAIN!

INSOLENT JEW!

WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM THIS TIRED, OLD REFUGEE?

THE TIME HAS COME FOR THE RISE OF THE FOURTH REICH! AND YOU, RABBI AKIBAH OF PRAGUE, HAS BEEN SELECTED TO AID OUR CAUSE!

I AM THE GOLDEN FUHRER WHO WILL SOON RULE THE WORLD!





I AM BUT A POOR JEW... HOW CAN I HELP AN IMPORTANT MAN LIKE YOU?

IF YOUR EARS ARE POPPING, IT'S BECAUSE WE ARE DESCENDING 1800 FEET BELOW SEA-LEVEL...

BY RE-SURRECTING THE BODIES OF DEAD NAZI LEADERS OF WORLD WAR II! BUT ENOUGH TALK UNTIL WE REACH OUR DESTINATION!

THE WORLD TRADE CENTER! TOWERING TWIN PEAKS THAT SEEM READY TO SINK THE TIP OF MANHATTAN ISLAND INTO THE SEA!



ACHTUNG! THE GOLDEN FUHRER RETURNS!

...TO THE DEEPEST SUB-BASEMENT OF THE WORLD'S TALLEST BUILDINGS--WHERE AMERICA'S ONLY ATOMIC POWERED SEWAGE-TO-ENERGY CONVERTER IS HOUSED!

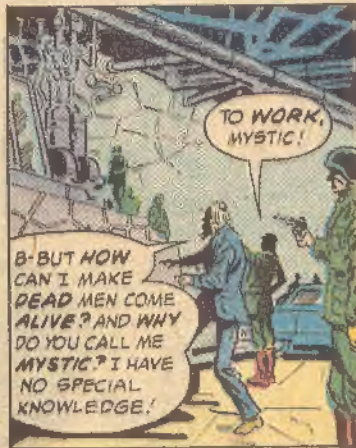
HERE, IN GLASS-ENCLOSED, VACUUM TOMBS, LIE THE ORGANICALLY PRESERVED BODIES OF OUR FALLEN LEADERS!



NOW, RABBI AKIBAH, FOR YOUR SPECIALTY... MAKE THE DEAD RISE!

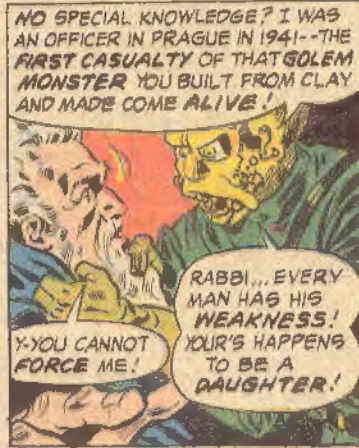
ONCE LIFE IS COURSEING THROUGH THEIR BODIES, WE WILL HAVE THE MILITARY LEADERSHIP TO FINISH WHAT HITLER STARTED!

ONLY THIS TIME WE WILL WIN--FOR NOW THE GOLDEN FUHRER IS THE LEADER!



TO WORK, MYSTIC!

B-BUT HOW CAN I MAKE DEAD MEN COME ALIVE? AND WHY DO YOU CALL ME MYSTIC? I HAVE NO SPECIAL KNOWLEDGE!



NO SPECIAL KNOWLEDGE? I WAS AN OFFICER IN PRAGUE IN 1941--THE FIRST CASUALTY OF THAT GOLEM MONSTER YOU BUILT FROM CLAY AND MADE COME ALIVE!

Y-YOU CANNOT FORCE ME!

RABBI... EVERY MAN HAS HIS WEAKNESS! YOUR'S HAPPENS TO BE A DAUGHTER!



BUT THE NEO-NAZI'S ARE NOT THE ONLY BUSY ONES! UPTOWN, WE FIND EDITOR, PUBLISHER AND CRUSADER, DAVID HARPER.

THIS C. I. A. BUSINESS IS DOWNRIGHT FASCISTIC! MARCY, GET ME THE PRESIDENT!

OF WHICH COMPANY, MR. HARPER?

OF THE UNITED STATES!



NOW WHAT IS IT?

I TOLD SARA YOU WERE BUSY... BUT SHE INSISTED--

DAVE, I'M IN TROUBLE! YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME!





I THOUGHT YOU DON'T DO ANY REPORTING ON YOUR SABBATH EVE?

I DON'T! PLEASE LISTEN! MEN IN NAZI UNIFORMS, WITH GUNS AND MASKS, BROKE INTO MY APARTMENT AND CARRIED OFF MY FATHER!

EASY, GIRL! SLOW DOWN AND START FROM THE TOP!



A SHORT TIME LATER...

...AND THEN THEY THREW HIM IN A LIMOUSINE AND DROVE OFF! I CALLED THE POLICE, THEN RUSHED OVER HERE!

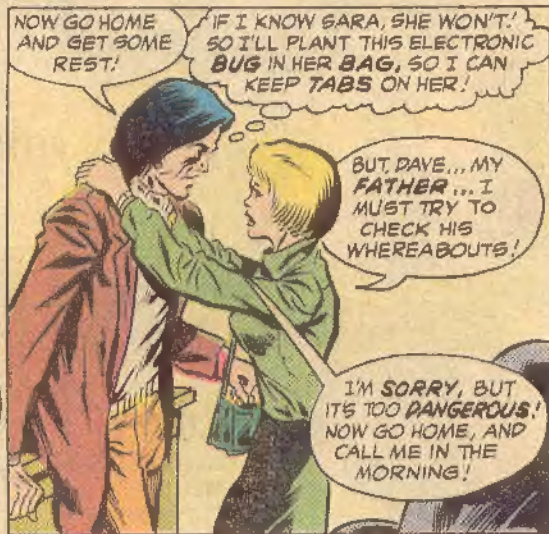
WHAT'D THE COPS SAY?

THEY JUST SHRUGGED AND SAID THEY'D PUT A MAN ON IT! OH, DAVE, WHAT DO I DO NOW? WHERE DO I LOOK FIRST?



YOU DON'T! STAY ON THE GRAFITTI KILLER STORY! ONE DANGEROUS CASE AT A TIME IS ENOUGH!

MEANWHILE, I'LL CALL INSPECTOR PETERS AND MAKE SURE HE PUTS HIS TOP MEN ON YOUR FATHER'S ABDUCTION!



NOW GO HOME AND GET SOME REST!

IF I KNOW SARA, SHE WON'T! SO I'LL PLANT THIS ELECTRONIC BUG IN HER BAG, SO I CAN KEEP TABS ON HER!

BUT, DAVE... MY FATHER... I MUST TRY TO CHECK HIS WHEREABOUTS!

I'M SORRY, BUT IT'S TOO DANGEROUS! NOW GO HOME, AND CALL ME IN THE MORNING!



MINUTES LATER, SARA AKIBAH MAPS OUT A NEW STRATEGY!

SOME HELP DAVE WAS! BUT I CAN DO WITHOUT HIM!

JOURNALISM, LESSON ONE: PROCEED TO THE SCENE OF THE CRIME!

ONLY THIS TIME, THE SCENE HAPPENS TO BE MY HOME!



A SHORT RIDE DOWNTOWN...

MANY TIMES PAPA TOLD ME ABOUT THE NAZIS! AND I WOULD TELL HIM TO STOP REPEATING HIMSELF!

I HATE TO GO INTO THAT EMPTY APARTMENT ALONE... NOW, WHERE ARE MY KEYS?



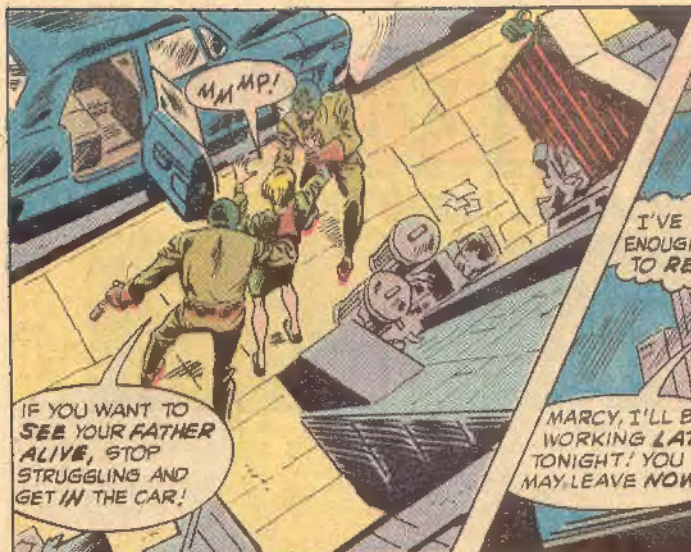
BUT BEFORE SARA CAN LOCATE HER KEYS...

WE'RE BACK! THIS TIME FOR YOU!

NO! TAKE YOUR FILTHY HANDS OFF ME!

JUST COOPERATE AND YOU WON'T GET HURT! OUR ORDERS ARE TO BRING YOU BACK IN ONE PIECE!





IF YOU WANT TO SEE YOUR FATHER ALIVE, STOP STRUGGLING AND GET IN THE CAR!



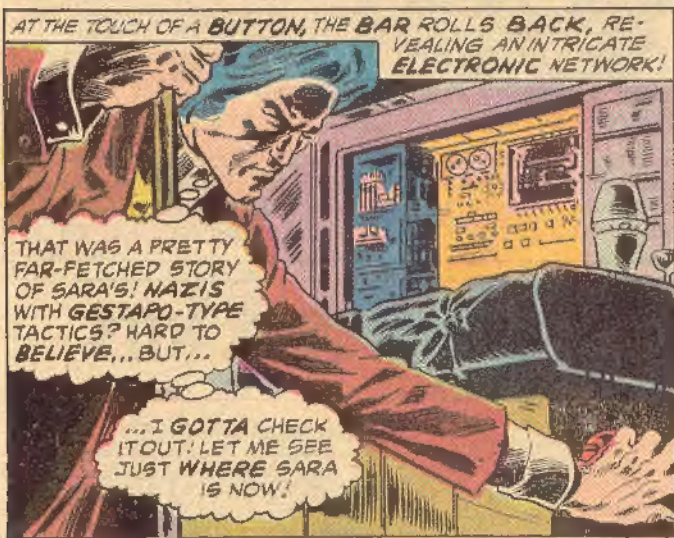
BACK IN THE OFFICE OF THE TIMES...

SARA'S A GOOD REPORTER! BY NOW SHE SHOULD BE NOSING AROUND, LOOKING FOR AN ANGLE!

I'VE GIVEN HER ENOUGH LINE, TIME TO REEL HER IN!

MARCY, I'LL BE WORKING LATE TONIGHT! YOU MAY LEAVE NOW!

YES, SIR!



AT THE TOUCH OF A BUTTON, THE BAR ROLLS BACK, REVEALING AN INTRICATE ELECTRONIC NETWORK!

THAT WAS A PRETTY FAR-FETCHED STORY OF SARA'S! NAZIS WITH GESTAPO-TYPE TACTICS? HARD TO BELIEVE... BUT...

...I GOTTA CHECK IT OUT: LET ME SEE JUST WHERE SARA IS NOW!



THE BLIP IS TRANSMITTING FROM ORCHARD STREET! SEEMS SHE DID GO STRAIGHT HOME! I'M GLAD--YET SURPRISED!

THINK I'LL GO AND CHECK OUT THE SCENE ANYWAY...



...AS THE SCORPION!

WHOOPS! I FINALLY FIND A WINDOW THAT'LL OPEN, AND THERE'S NO LEDGE TO LAND ON!

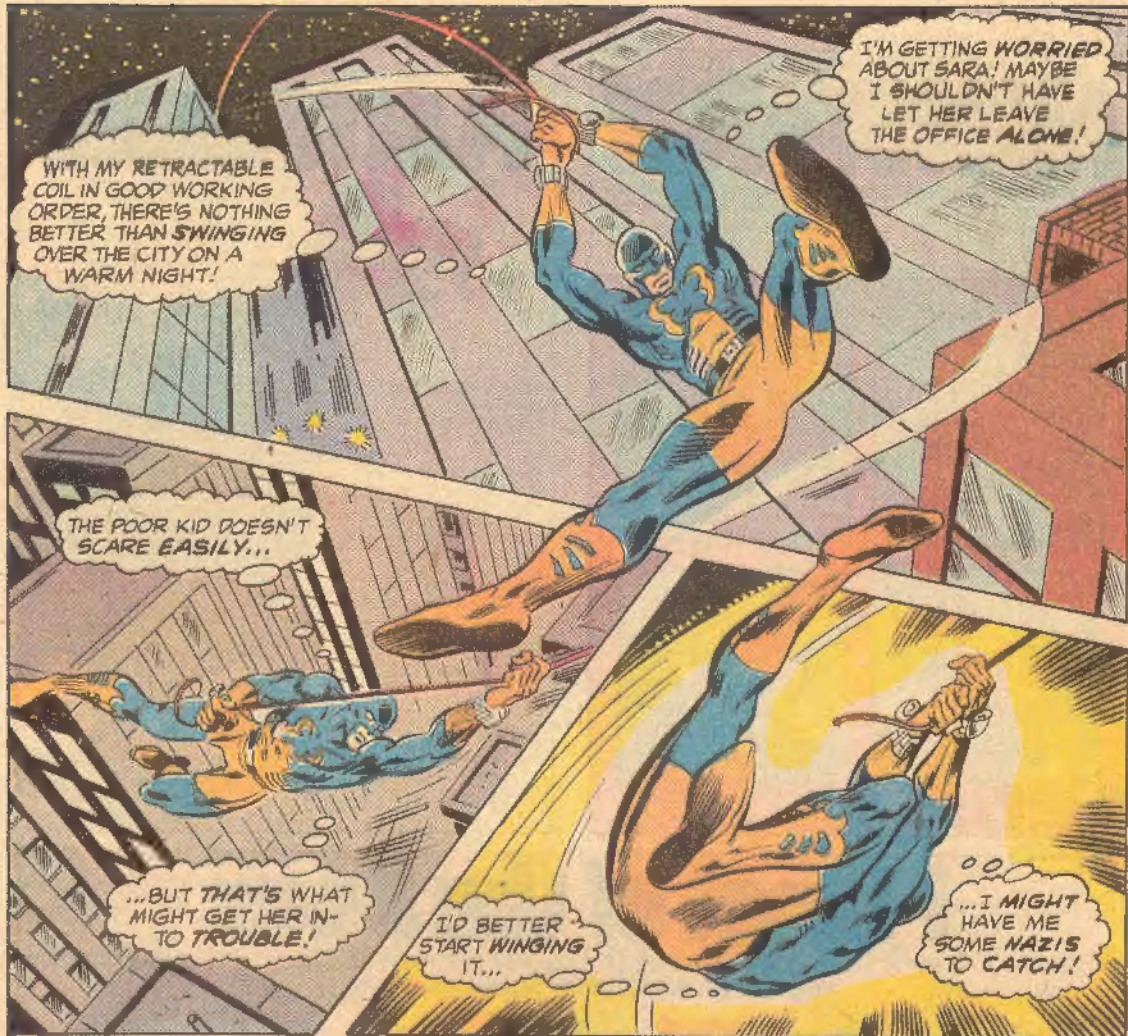


LUCKILY, I'VE GOT MY GRAPPLING HOOK...



...TO RELY ON!





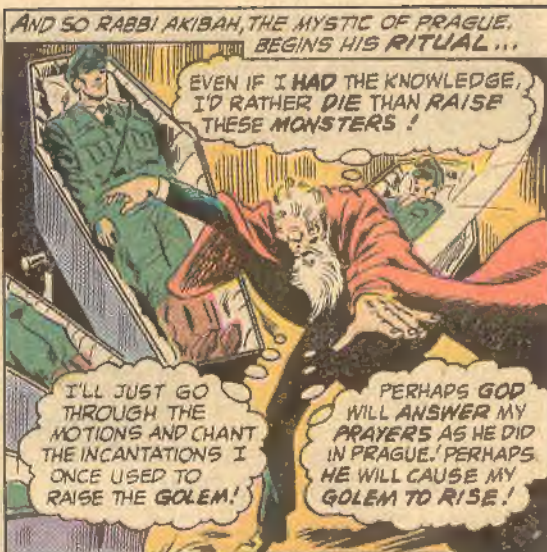




LISTEN, OLD MAN! IF YOU WANT YOUR DAUGHTER'S BODY TO STAY IN WORKING CONDITION, YOU'D BETTER START COOPERATING!

DO WHAT THEY WANT, PAPA! I CAN'T STAND TO SEE YOU LIKE THIS!

ALL RIGHT! I'LL DO IT! I'LL RAISE YOUR DEAD!

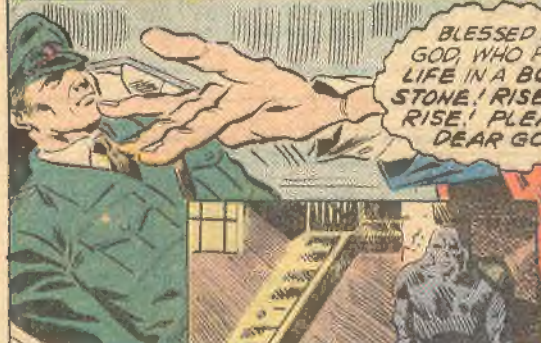


AND SO RABBI AKIBAH, THE MYSTIC OF PRAGUE, BEGINS HIS RITUAL...

EVEN IF I HAD THE KNOWLEDGE, I'D RATHER DIE THAN RAISE THESE MONSTERS!

I'LL JUST GO THROUGH THE MOTIONS AND CHANT THE INCANTATIONS I ONCE USED TO RAISE THE GOLEM!

PERHAPS GOD WILL ANSWER MY PRAYERS AS HE DID IN PRAGUE! PERHAPS HE WILL CAUSE MY GOLEM TO RISE!

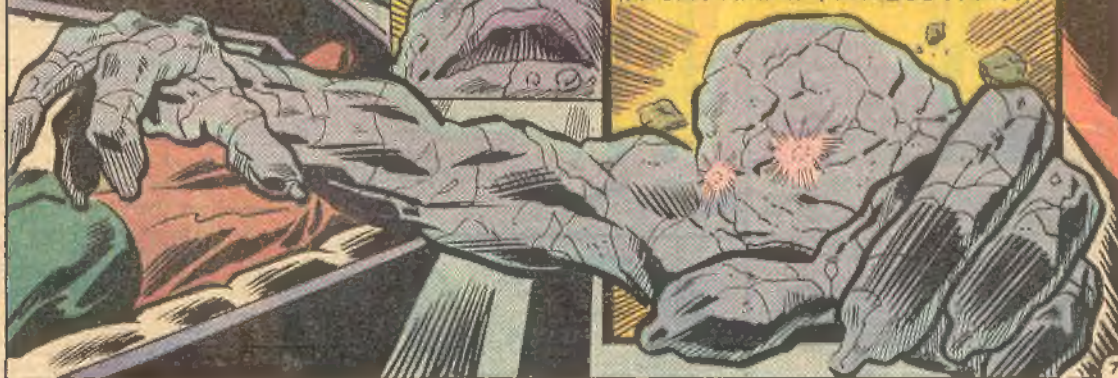


BLESSED BE OUR GOD, WHO PUTTETH LIFE IN A BODY OF STONE! RISE, GOLEM, RISE! PLEASE, DEAR GOD!

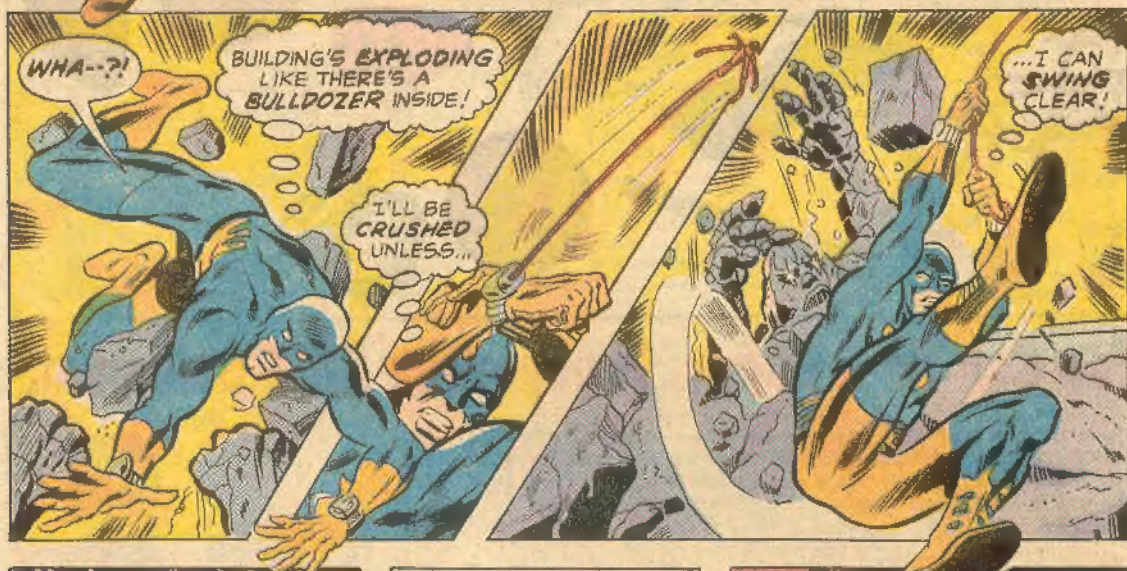
AND IN THE CELLAR OF THE RABBI'S HOME, MYSTICAL WORDS OF THE KABBALA BOMBARD THE MASSIVE FIGURE OF LIFELESS CLAY!

...BREATHING LIFE INTO IT!

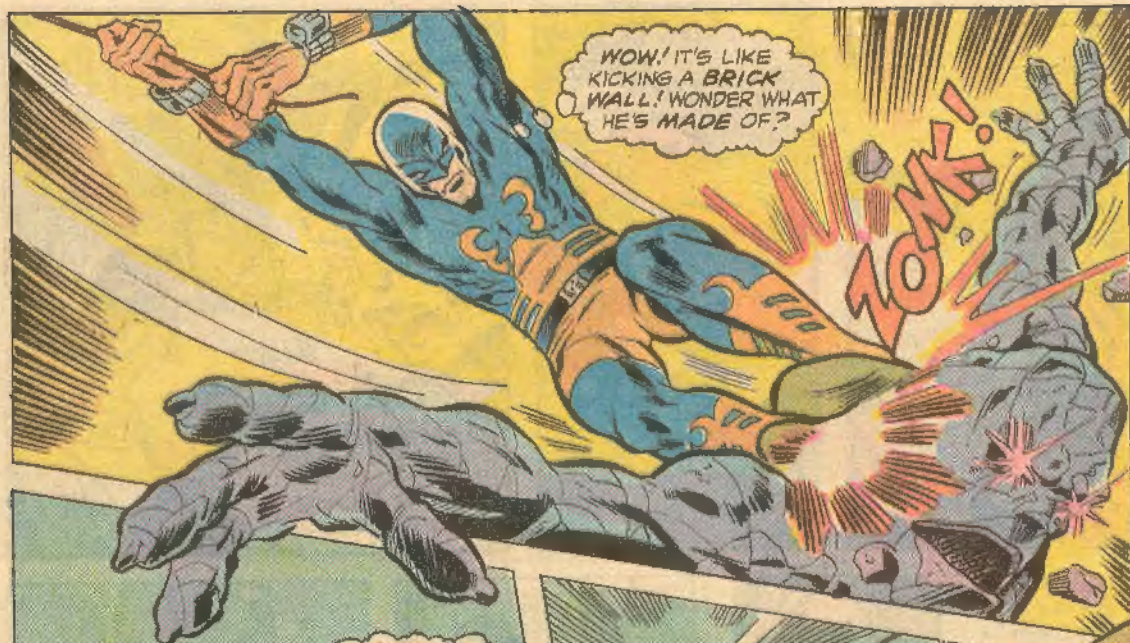
LIFE FOR ONE PURPOSE...TO STIFLE THE UGLY FIRE OF PERSECUTION!











WOW! IT'S LIKE  
KICKING A BRICK  
WALL! WONDER WHAT  
HE'S MADE OF?

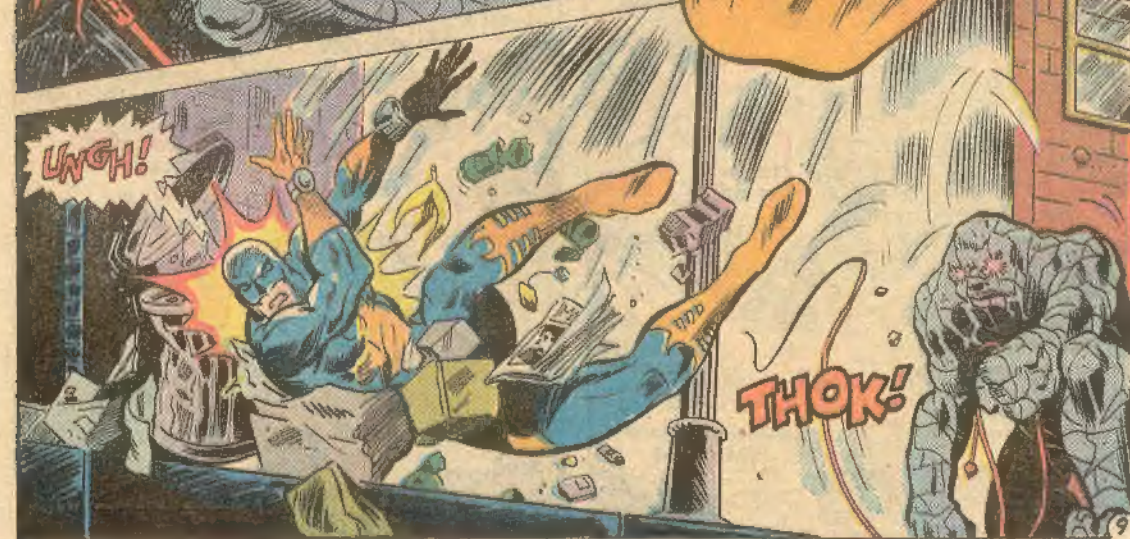
**ZONK!**



WHAT CHANCE COULD  
SARA AND HER FATHER  
HAVE? LOOK  
AT THE SIZE OF HIM!

I'LL PUT HIM OUT  
OF ACTION BY  
WRAPPING MY  
GRAPPLING-HOOK  
AROUND HIS NECK  
AND--

GEEZ! HE SNAPPED  
THE STEEL CABLE  
LIKE IT WAS A  
YO-YO STRING...  
AND I'M THE  
YO-YO!



**UUGH!**

**THOK!**



WHILE BEYOND THE WORLD  
TRADE CENTER...

I CAN SENSE HIS PRE-  
SENCE... HIS SPIRIT! THE  
GOLEM HAS RISEN!  
THANK THE LORD!

B-BUT THE  
STRAIN...

S-STRAIN  
IS T-TOO...

UNHA!

WHAT HAPPENED?

I DON'T KNOW,  
SIR! ALL OF A  
SUDDEN THE OLD  
MAN FAINTED!

MY PATIENCE WEARS  
THIN! TIE HIM AND HIS  
DAUGHTER UP! THEN  
CALL THE GRAND  
ASSEMBLY TO ORDER!

MEANWHILE, THE  
SCORPION IS  
NOT FAIRING  
MUCH BETTER!

THANKS,  
ROCKY! I  
COULDN'T HAVE  
FOUND MY WAY  
OUTTA THIS  
GARBAGE BY  
MYSELF!

WHAT A  
GRIP! HE'S  
LIFTING ME  
UP LIKE I WAS  
A FLY!

HIS EYES ARE  
GLOWING...  
I CAN'T LOOK  
AWAY! I DON'T  
BELIEVE IT!

I-IT'S  
IMPOSSIBLE!

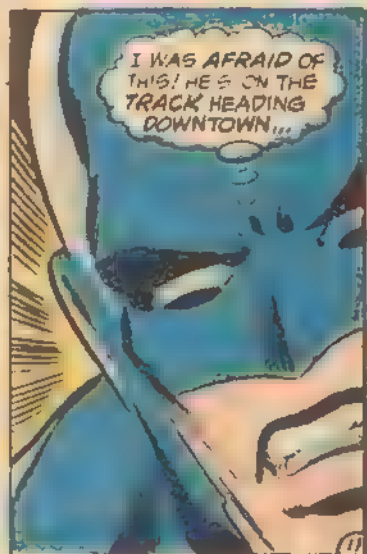
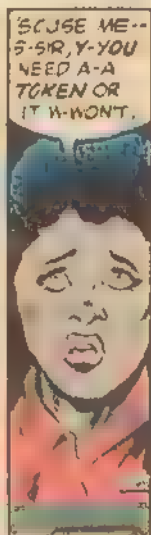
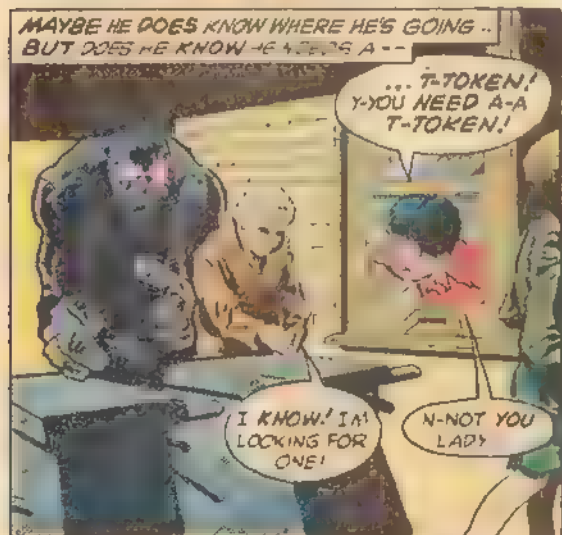
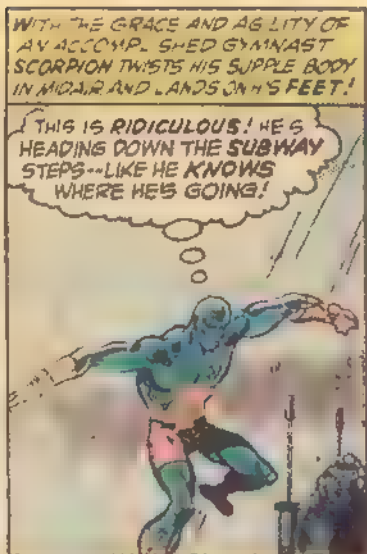
IN THE MONSTER'S EYES...  
A VISION OF SARA  
AND HER FATHER,  
TIED TO A POST!

THE SURROUNDINGS  
ARE FAMILIAR,  
BUT...

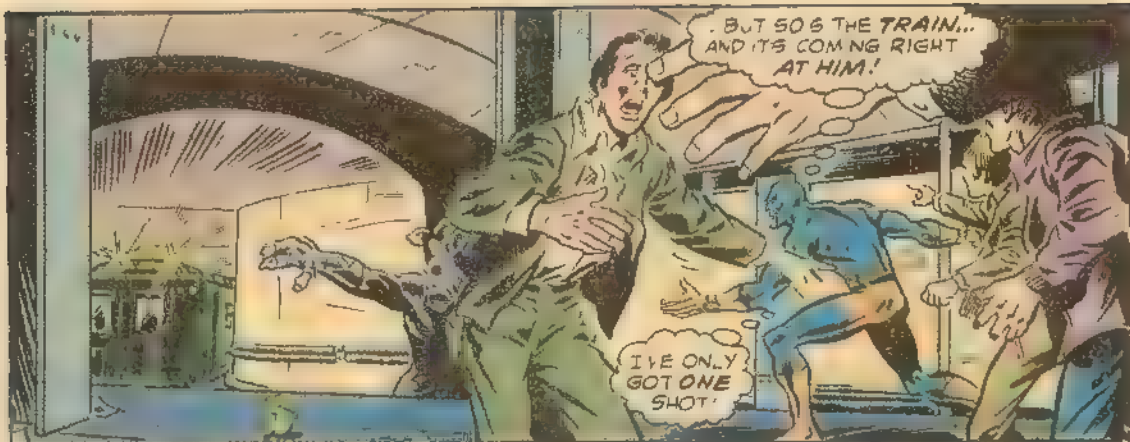
...IT'S CLEARER NOW! THEY'RE  
CAPTIVE IN THE WORLD TRADE  
CENTER! THAT'S THE ONLY PLACE  
WITH A SEWAGE-TO-ENERGY  
CONVERTER!

WORLD TRADE CEN  
SEWA  
W



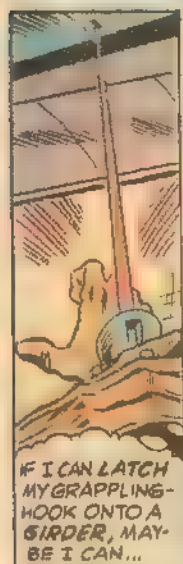




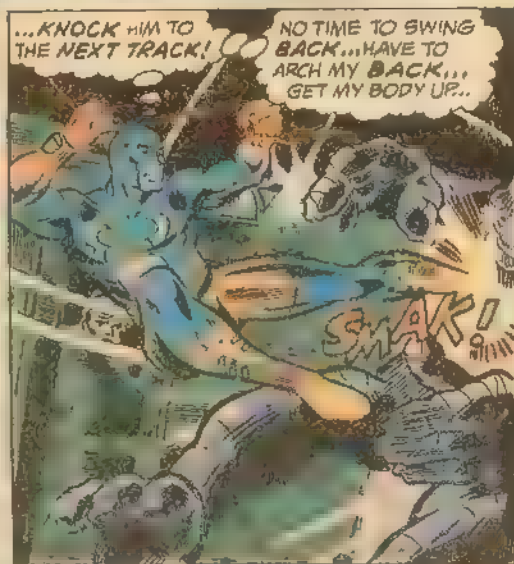


BUT SOB THE TRAIN...  
AND ITS COMING RIGHT  
AT HIM!

I'VE ONLY  
GOT ONE  
SHOT!



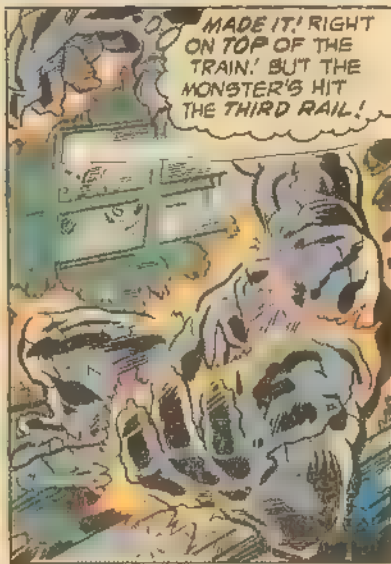
IF I CAN LATCH  
MY GRAPPLING-  
HOOK ONTO A  
GIRDER, MAY-  
BE I CAN...



...KNOCK HIM TO  
THE NEXT TRACK!

NO TIME TO SWING  
BACK...HAVE TO  
ARCH MY BACK...  
GET MY BODY UP...

SMACK!



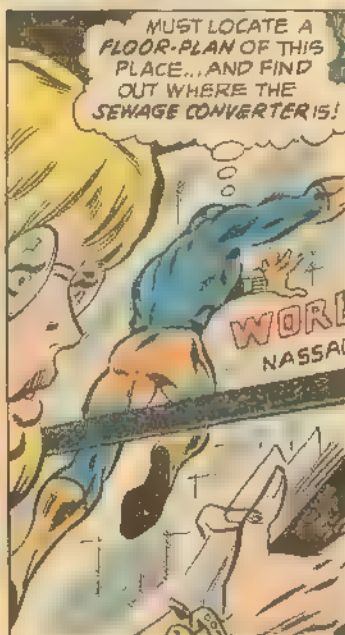
MADE IT! RIGHT  
ON TOP OF THE  
TRAIN! BUT THE  
MONSTER'S HIT  
THE THIRD RAIL!



NEXT STOP-  
NASSAU STREET.  
WORLD TRADE  
CENTER!

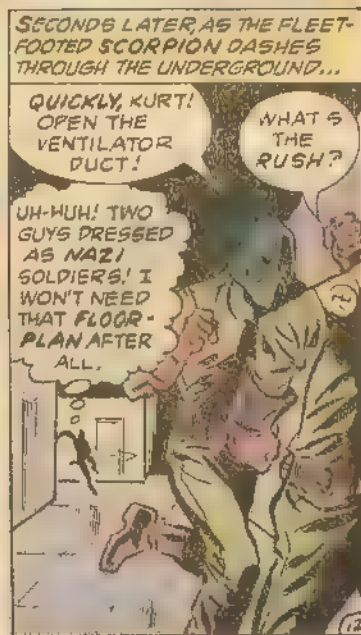
HOW ABOUT THAT?  
SEEMS "ROCKY" KNOWS  
THE SUBWAY SYSTEM  
BETTER THAN I DO!

M-LOCAL



MUST LOCATE A  
FLOOR-PLAN OF THIS  
PLACE...AND FIND  
OUT WHERE THE  
SEWAGE CONVERTER IS!

WORLD  
NASSAU



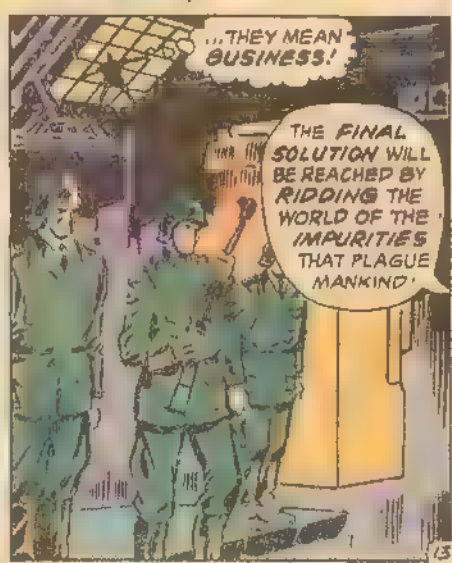
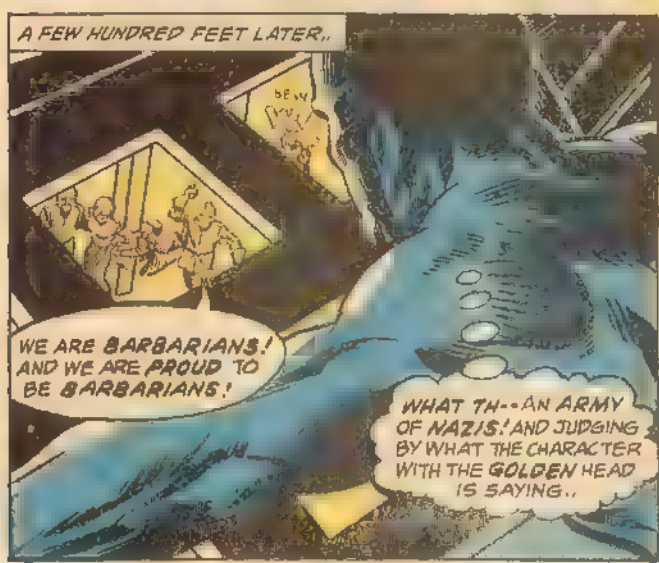
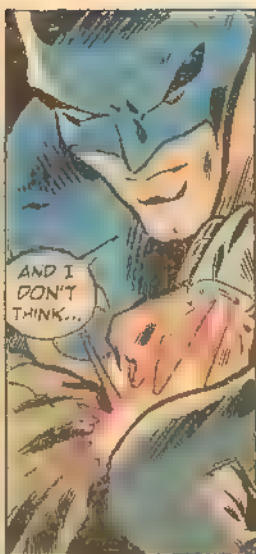
SECONDS LATER, AS THE FLEET-  
FOOTED SCORPION DASHES  
THROUGH THE UNDERGROUND...

QUICKLY, KURT!  
OPEN THE  
VENTILATOR  
DUCT!

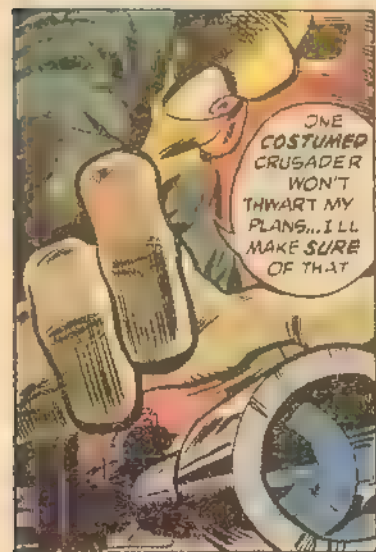
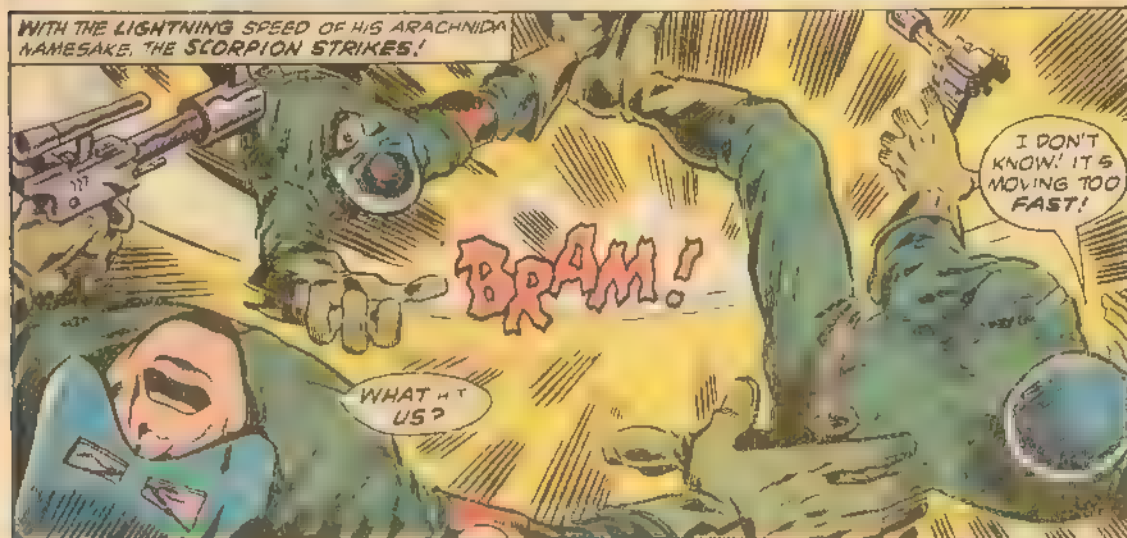
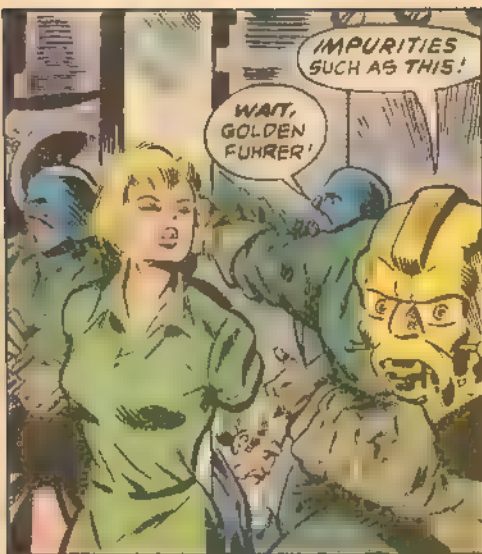
WHAT'S  
THE  
RUSH?

UH-HUH! TWO  
GUYS DRESSED  
AS NAZI  
SOLDIERS! I  
WON'T NEED  
THAT FLOOR-  
PLAN AFTER  
ALL.

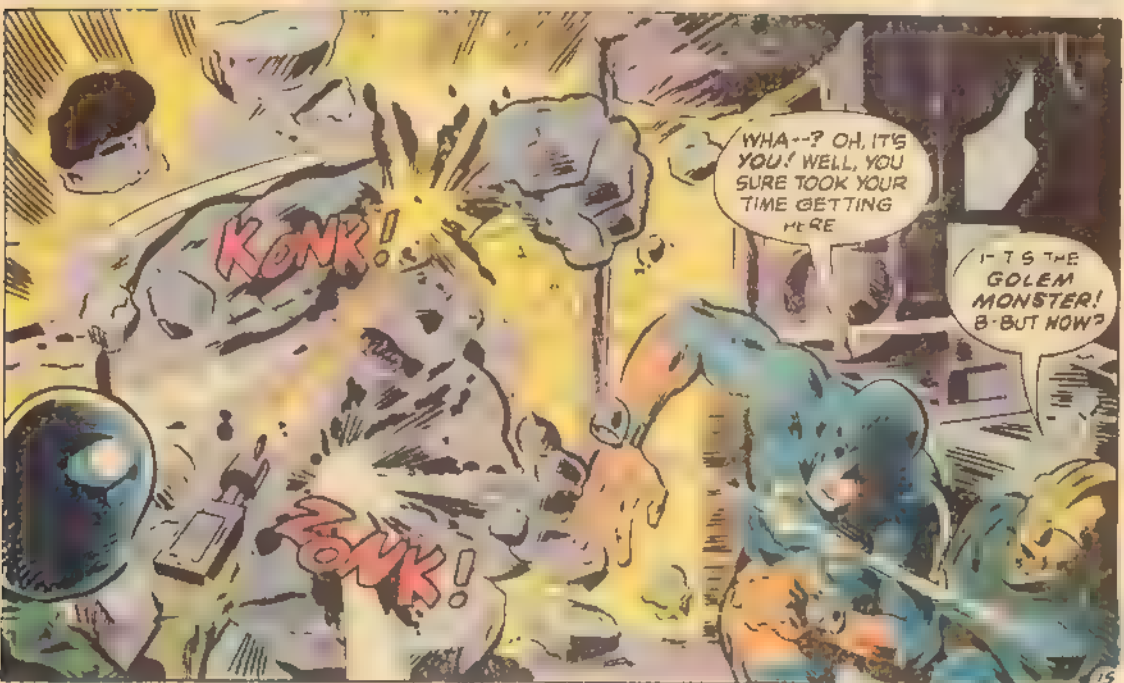
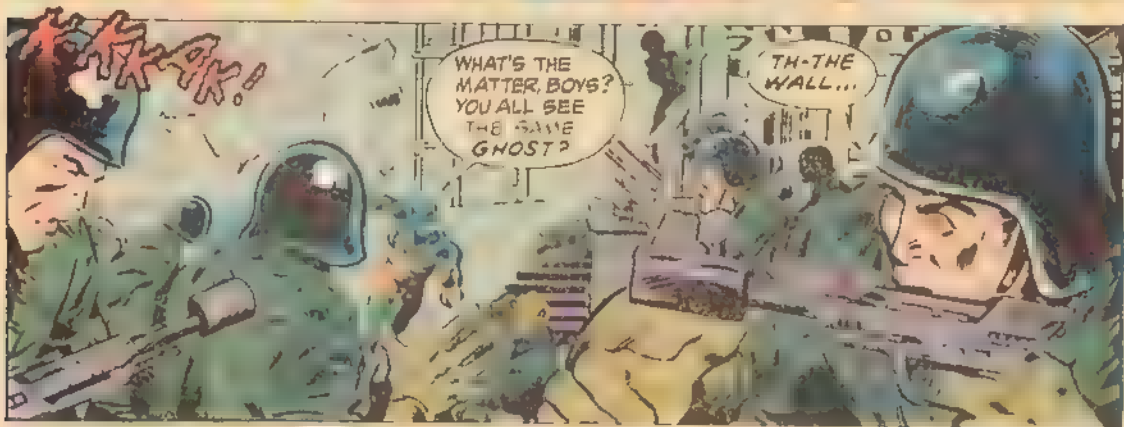
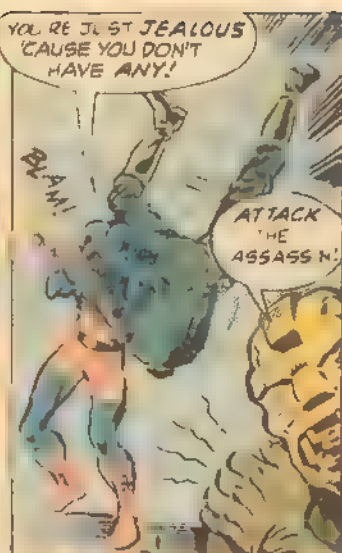
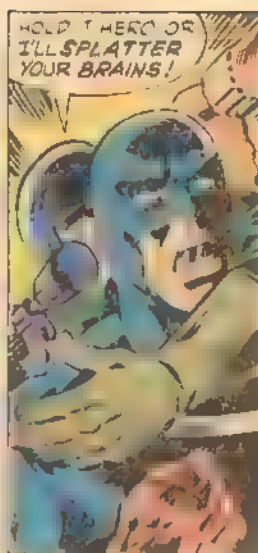




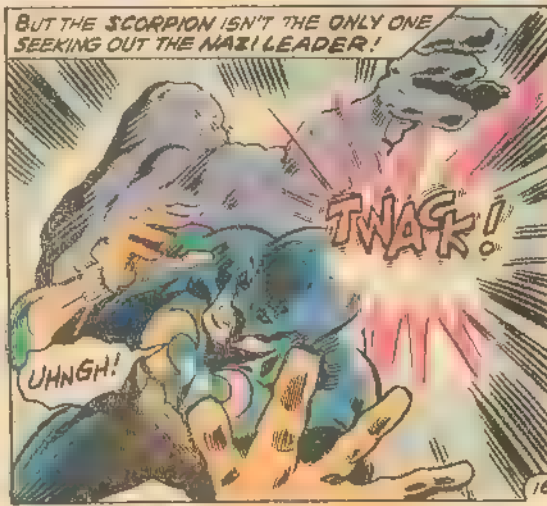
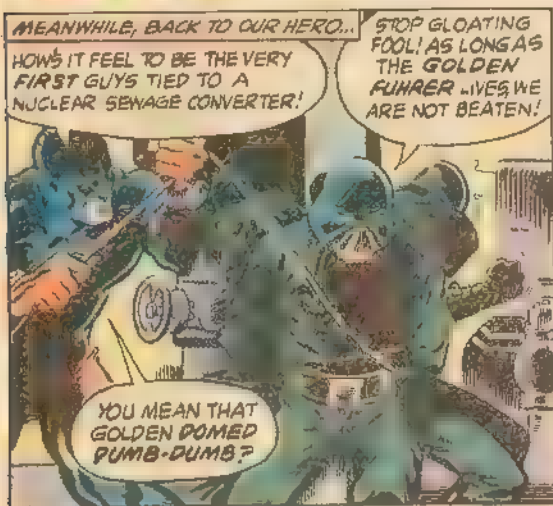
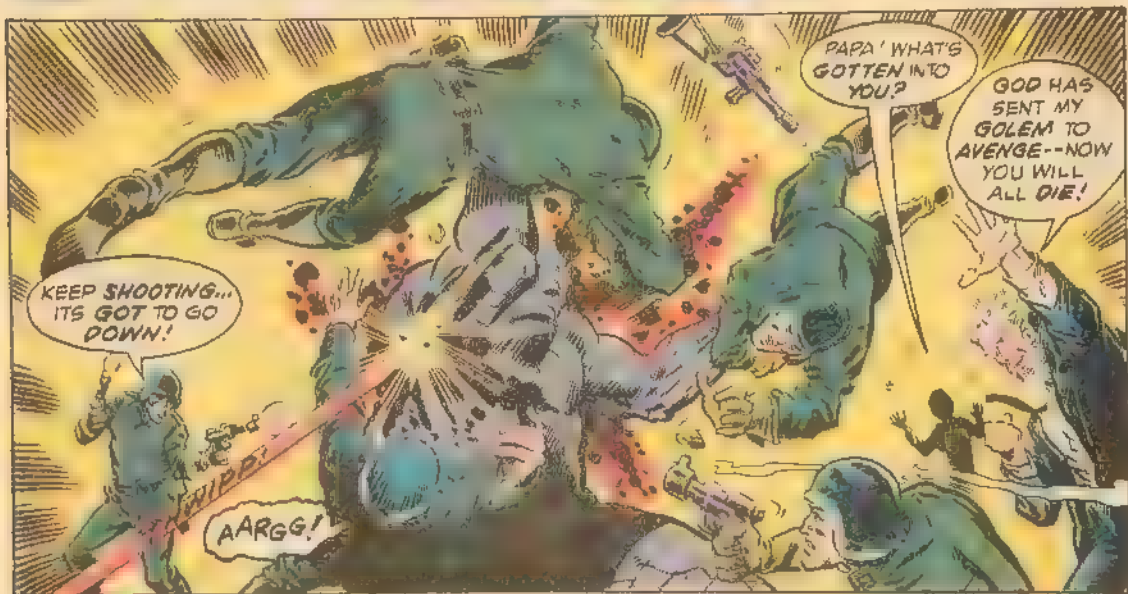




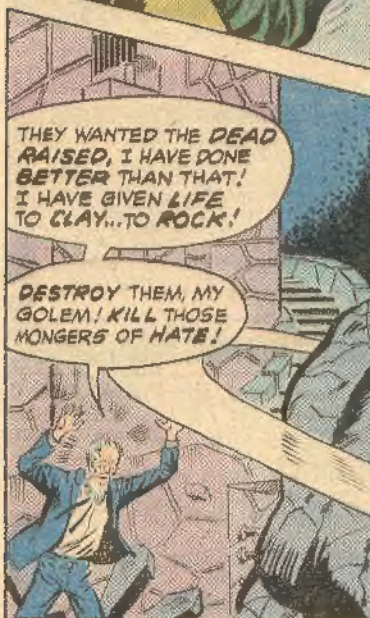
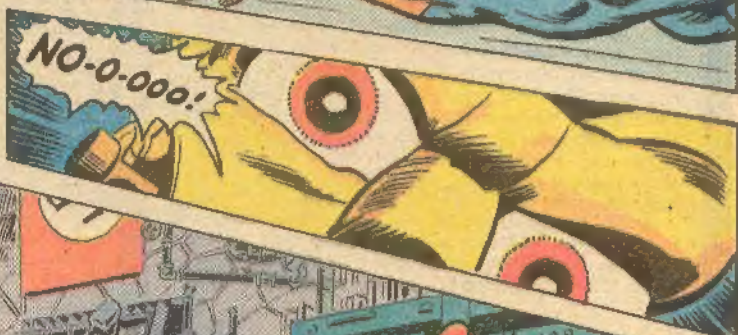














THE STRAIN PROVED TOO GREAT FOR THE AGING MYSTIC, AND THE SUPERNATURAL LINK OF THE MINDS IS BROKEN!



YET THE GOLEM CONTINUES HIS RAMPAGE OF VENGEANCE!



HE'S SMASHING THE SEWAGE TANK!

MOVE BACK AND--

MY HEAD!



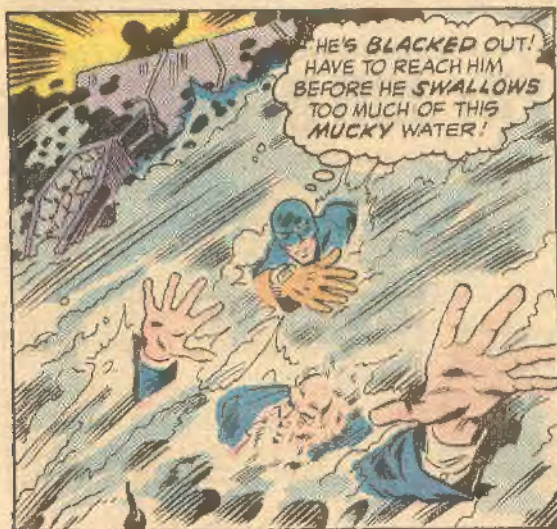
BUT BEFORE THE SCORPION CAN FINISH HIS WARNING, A WALL OF WATER STINKING OF HUMAN WASTE ENGULFING THE SUB-BASEMENT!



PAPA! PAPA!  
OH, NO!

S-SPLOOSH!

HE'S BLACKED OUT!  
HAVE TO REACH HIM  
BEFORE HE SWALLOWS  
TOO MUCH OF THIS  
MUCKY WATER!



NOW TO GET SARA,  
OUT OF  
HERE! I JUST HOPE  
IT'S NOT TOO LATE!







OUR ONLY CHANCE  
TO ESCAPE IS  
MY GRAPPLING  
HOOK!



NONE OF THEM  
WILL SURVIVE  
THAT MESS!

HOW DO WE  
GET OUT OF  
HERE?

THERE'S ONLY  
ONE WAY...  
STRAIGHT  
UP!



I HOPE WE  
DON'T GET A  
TICKET FOR  
OBSTRUCTING  
TRAFFIC!

EASY, PAPA!  
YOU'LL BE  
ALL RIGHT!



IN A MATTER OF  
MINUTES,  
THE PROPER  
AUTHORITIES  
ARE ON THE  
SCENE!

SORRY! NEVER  
COULD GET ALONG  
WITH REPORTERS!

DON'T RUN OFF!  
I'M A REPORTER  
FOR THE TIMES!  
I'VE GOT SOME  
QUESTIONS TO  
ASK YOU!



HERE I AM, SWINGING,  
SMELLING AND  
SOAKING WET... BUT  
I CAN'T GET THOSE  
NAZIS OUT OF  
MY HEAD!

IT'S RIDICULOUS!  
THIS IS 1975! NOW  
HAS THEIR HATRED  
SURVIVED?



WILL THERE EVER COME  
A DAY WHEN MEN STOP  
PERSECUTING EACH  
OTHER?

AND SO WE LEAVE OUR HERO... WET, WEARY AND  
SULLEN, YET RESOLVED TO CONTINUE FIGHTING  
THE INTOLERANCE THAT PLAGUES MAN! (19)

THE NEXT EXCITING ISSUE OF THE  
SCORPION ON SALE JUNE 1<sup>ST</sup>!  
DON'T MISS IT, TIGER!



# The SCORPION'S LAIR

Dear Rovin and all:

Superb! Magnificent! I've just finished reading **THE SCORPION**, and I find myself writing my first letter to a comic company. **THE SCORPION** is exactly what I've been looking for! I can't wait for issue #2. It is easily the best thing to come out of "The New House of Ideas".

Your other comics have been pretty good, but **THE SCORPION** clinched it!!!

You painted a convincing portrait of a ruthless hero. It was a real mystery thriller! The art was good, too. Now I'm looking forward to giving each and every **ATLAS** title a chance to prove itself to me.

In other words, with the kind of work you pros are producing, and with the shrinking size of my inflation-stricken allowance, there won't be many dinars left for the competitors.

A few more superb issues, and what the competition is doing won't matter anyway! I'd like to proclaim that I'm an **ATLAS** Man from the very beginning. (As long as you keep up the high quality of your first issues.)

And may the God of Comix bless each **ATLAS** magazine with a life of least 200 issues!

**BRIAN FLEWELLYN**  
KANSAS CITY, MO

Now there's a man with the right idea! Welcome aboard **ATLAS MAN**! (Not a bad name for a new superhero!)

Dear Sirs:

Shades of G-8!! Issue #1 of **THE SCORPION** left me spellbound! I liked it, ya dig?

The story wasn't really so fantastic, and the art wasn't so magnificent, either—it was how they worked together that made the comic good.

I've got one suggestion: Let us know something about Scorpion's longevity.

**JOHN TOMANIO**  
ANNAPOLIS, MD

Glad you enjoyed **THE SCORPION**, John.

In regard to his longevity, we will reveal some of the mystery behind it, but slowly. We don't want to spill all the beans in one issue. Remember: **The Scorpion** is a man of mystery.

Dear Scorpion:

Well **ATLAS**, you've produced your first catastrophe! That's spelled F-A-I-L-U-R-E!!

I enjoyed your **Black and White** magazines, **MACABRE**, and **DEVILINA**, and your color mags, **THE BRUTE**, **PHOENIX**, and **PLANET OF VAMPIRES**, were all super. But the

man of many ages, **THE SCORPION** is a loser. It is too contrived. The writer did not take the trouble to tell us where, how, why, etc. His character's only motivation is money. But what about those past lives? In what way do they improve this story? Veiling a character with a mysterious origin, is no way to get around characterization!

The story line was good, as was the artwork, but just about any jerk with a bag over his head could've gone through the same activity as the Scorpion.

So please . . . give us some meat on your character's bones.

I'm sorry if I'm being too critical. But I've been a fan for almost thirty years, and it kills me when a potentially unbelievable (in the good sense) character comes along and is wasted!

**WARREN CZERNIAWSKI**  
CHARLOTTE, NC

We apologize if the Scorpion was not up to snuff. We'll spend more time developing the man into a definite personality—something you can sink your teeth into. What with **Jim Craig** and **Gabe Levy** behind it, things can only go up.

We thank you for your valid criticism.

Hello **ATLAS**:

First the good news: Great Job! Ter-

rific artwork! Fantastic stories! **SCORPION** was BEST!!!

Now the bad news: You're painting yourselves into a corner, fellas! Sorry about that, but it's true.

Your heroes are all over the place. They can never team up, or battle each other. They can never even cross paths as they swing over New York.

You probably don't think it's much, but you're wrong. Take **Spider-Man** for example. Whenever I see him on any dumb character's magazine, I buy it, just to see my favorite superhero. It's an event and the fans love it. (It also sells the magazine like hotcakes. I'm sure!)

So, what're you clowns doing? **PHOENIX** in 1977, **SCORPION** in 1938, **IRONJAW** here, **WULF** there, and on and on. The merry **ATLAS** universe is just too darn big!

**ANN CARRIER**  
MONTREAL, QUEBEC, CANADA

It just so happens that **THE SCORPION** has been updated to the present. It wasn't done in order to narrow the **ATLAS** "universe"; rather, **Levy** and **Craig** thought a mood piece of the thirties would get monotonous after a few issues.

As far as our other characters are concerned, we do plan team-ups (where possible) in future issues.

## COMING FROM ATLAS...

